

THE  
SECOND EDITION  
OF THE  
*SCOTCH* Doctor.

To which is added,  
A Wonderful RELATION of  
DE FRANCO'S Ghost.

WITH  
A Full ACCOUNT of what pass'd  
between the APPARITION and the  
said DOCTOR, on *Sunday* last at Two  
in the Morning.

---

L O N D O N:

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*Animadversions on a Pam-  
phlet, intitled, Lithoto-  
mia Douglassiana.*

*Dear Sawney,*



PERSUADE myself you will excuse a Brother Doctor this Epistolary Freedom, since the Drift of the whole will be employ'd in setting forth your high Merits, your singular Modesty, and unweary'd Diligence for the Good of Mankind, without the least View of Self-Interest:



whose notable Fame and long-fetch'd Experience from *abroad*, may justly claim Respect and Commendation at *home*.

THE Account you have lately publish'd to the World of cutting for the Stone, though long since practis'd by some, yet you, from an extraordinary Sagacity, have not only revived the Operation, but from the surprizing Success you meet with (if we may credit yourself) it can be accounted no Breach of Modesty, or Detraction from those Gentlemen, to arrogate the same to yourself, under the pompous Title of *Lithotomia Douglassiana*. Besides, the secret and private manner of your performing it, may convince us of your little Intention to set others about the same Work, whose Dexterity and Eyes might fall short of your own; to the hazard of those poor Souls whose Ignorance may lead them



to suffer by such who (*propria experientia*) cannot boast of their Abilities in this way, much less write upon it.

W H A T tho you never saw the Operation till you put it in practice, (as you say) that was no obstacle to so accurate a *Performer*; who, had he only dreamt on it, could have had clearer Satisfaction on the matter than the most refin'd waking Ideas of a Set of dull Practitioners, resolved to pursue their wonted Methods, could e'er have furnish'd themselves with. What tho the *Patient* had the Convenience of your own House, supply'd with Gruel and Union *Thea* at your sole expence; I presume your Charity will not lessen your Zeal (not to say Madness) for the Good of Mankind. What tho the Persons who were present (for Reasons to yourself) at the Operation, conceal their Names; you have made



a handsom Apology for them: namely, to save them the trouble of answering every impertinent *Prigg*, therefore improper to mention them.

You confess there were Physicians and Surgeons, of each two, and one Apothecary; Men surely of considerable Eminency and Distinction in their Profession, whose Credit you were unwilling should suffer by affixing their Names to your Trifles, and who perhaps as yet have signalized themselves only in some distant Climes by curing the Incurables, and are not sufficiently prepared with Certificates of their Veracity and Skill: If this be the matter, we cannot blame them for depending on the *Operator's* surer Front, to stand by any opposition that may be made, till Time may render their Countenances of as *Sterling* a hue as your own: and then in your next



Essay they may be able to confront the *Scioli*, who dare to call in question the Authority of so ingenious and antique a *Practitioner* ; unless some unlucky Accident should prevent their design, by an unseasonable Elopement, and leave you in the lurch for *Vouchers*. However, should this come to pass, your Reputation (which at present is so bespatter'd, as you are pleas'd to say) will be so confirmed, that neither *Marten*, *Spink*, *Synclare*, or any other of the *Literati* (for those, I presume, are the *Priggs* and *Scioli* you are afraid of) will be able to hurt you.

OF my Well-Wishes to your Performances, and earnest Desire for your growing Fame, that it may exceed any of the foremention'd Gentlemen, I flatter myself you will make no doubt ; and if it lay in my power against the next *Operation* (since you are so sure of



the Success of it) we will whip up a Panegyrick on your extraordinary Merit before you set about it : and whether it be ever done or no, the Report shall equally be handed about to your advantage ; and rather than fail, we can make a hole in his Belly, and in the conclusion (for then none but yourself can testify to them) call in some few of the Faculty to be Judges of a Wound, the bare marks of which are only left for them to view.

DEAR DOCTOR, In so important an Operation narrowly respecting Life, I cannot but wonder that some *Seniors* of the Profession were not called in ; unless that you were informed of any sinister Intention they might have to nip your *Credit*, or raise to themselves a fresh Reputation by your great *Atchievements* : or perhaps you was afraid of their Spectacles, which



which might have given them too clear a light into the Affair, and have occasioned the Promulgation of some unseasonable Truth, which you, like a prudent Operator, sufficiently guarded against. For while those Gentlemen (who, you say, were present) had promis'd you Secrecy, and you on the other hand complimented them with a Resolution not to send impertinent *Querists* to them; the Affair would wholly rest among yourselves, and the same Scene may be acted as often as you please, and no doubt with as much Success. The whole Contrivance, I must own, was uncommon; for if Men of Judgment, and known to us, had been there, you might have made them as wise as yourself, which could never have answered the End: for who knows, e'er long you may be sent for to some Noble Person, whose Liberality may compensate



your Pains and Charity for this poor Fellow. Which brings to my Mind a Story of a famous Nobleman, who from his profound Study had found out a Medicine to cure a lying Tongue ; not that I believe you desire the Receipt, since you and I well know, dull Truths meet with but a cold Reward, when a bold *Face* and a busy *Aspect* will make a Man, who has his Business to do, appear to the World as if it was done. This, Sir, you are appris'd of, is the best Method, and I congratulate you upon it ; for should we, like *Regulars* in the Art, who served a dull *Apprenticeship*, boast of our Legitimacy, the envious Rogues would quickly plead a Share in our Merit, and never cease to detract from their Betters, till they had levelled us with themselves : but we who took a scrap at *St. Thomas's*, *ex gratia*, of a certain Great



Man, (whose Name I bear too great a Respect to, to mention here) from thence over the *Seas*, where after a long Peregrination, in pity to *Great Britain*, almost blind with the Prejudice of old Practice, we resolved to set up an Office for the Benefit of Youth, not at all for ourselves. For the accurate Description I have given of the Method I made use of in cutting this fortunate *Subject*, the undeniable Proof, and Authority, I have brought to confirm their Understandings, whenever they shall attempt the same, with my Appendix to the end of my elaborate *Work*, called a *Syllabus*, may evince the most unbelieving of them, that I never acquir'd my Knowledge of Surgery by the usual *Servitude*, and Night-Lucubrations, which others are wont to do, and at last set down contented with as small a share of Sense as their



Neighbours. No, Gentlemen, I can assure you, I attained it at a much easier rate, 'twas by secret Impulses, quicken'd and stirr'd up from a pure Zeal of serving my Fellow-Subjects: and for a Confirmation of it, let them repair to my House in *Fetter-lane*, where they shall be supply'd with all Necessaries, and not asked one Farthing till the Cure is performed; and if any should chance to die, (upon the Word of a true *Scot*) their Flesh shall be made as good Mummy as ever the *Egyptians* prepar'd, and their Bones as well filled up, as when in their natural Position: so that, dead or alive, they shall be preserved as Monuments to my Fame and Credit. Nay, their Memory shall be had to After-Ages, and perdure as long as my *celebrated Works*, which (in my Opinion) cannot fail of longer



ger Duration than those of the late Doctors, *Wall* and *Case*.

ONCE more, *Sweet Sawney*, I hope you will forgive the Prolixity of my Epistle: though I have not a *Nomenclature*, or *Syllabus*, to tack to it, I am resolved to make a Collection of your own *Undertaking*, which may serve as well: *Imprim.* *Qui propria experientia loquuntur.* Here, one would think, you were as well vers'd in the Operation as the famous *Bleeder* in *Russel-Court* is in breathing Veins, though you acknowledge to have done it but once, (and that very much questioned by some:) A notable Experience, to confirm a Man of the Success of so dangerous an Enterprize, when others of less Capacity than yourself, would have trembled at the thought of it! If others should, by your confident Report, be hardy enough to make trial of it,



they must come to you for *Fingers* and *Instruments*, if they intend to succeed; for you have not thought fit, in your elaborate Pamphlet, to let them into that Secret, but, like skilful Artists of the Sword, are resolved to keep a private Push for yourself; otherwise the Intent of your Advertisement had been lost, and your Method, like Doctor *Cockburn's Injection*, had been no better than the rest. Cunningly fought, Doctor; for who can blame a Man for securing himself?

SECONDLY, *It is commonly asserted with the greatest Assurance (not with any Design to raise De Franco's Reputation, but to lessen mine) that I made the Operation after De Franco's Method, though he has told but little of his Tale, and I have told none of mine. I dare to say the Persons, whosoever they were, that made the Re-*



port, had no such Design in view; and if you had been silent, as to your own Reputation, till now, the World had been a perfect Stranger to it. So that if you now have *any*, it must be entirely owing to the Notice they have taken of you, though but in the same manner as they would of those Gentlemen whose Ambition has publish'd their Merits on every Pissing-Post and Pillar of the Town. Yet if this does but answer your End, of being known, I make no doubt but you'll forgive the Affront, and let them laugh that win. If not, you may pitch your Tent on *Ludgate-hill*, the *Old-Baily*, or near *St. Paul's Church-yard*, and appear abroad in little Scraps of Paper with the rest of the *Gentry*, discor'ded for their great Actions and mighty Performances on Mankind; for this is an envious Age we live in, other-



wise Men of such *unknown Abilities* had never been deprived of the Benefit of fresh Air. However, I don't pretend to Prophecy, so can only wish you to go on and prosper; to teach *others to perform what they can't do themselves*, which (in my Opinion) is *the greatest Absurdity in Nature*. Good, Doctor, pardon me if I look on this as a smaller Absurdity than the following Paragraph. *Supposing my Operation was the same in every tittle as De Franco's, yet if it is found a safer and easier way in relieving, it is, nevertheless, new.*

THIS is such an unheard-of Paradox, that nothing but thy own Noddle could have invented: *e. g.* If poor *Woodward* (whom I pity for not being better employed) should find an easier Way of Publication than you of Writing, (tho he copy'd the Original to a hair)



for this his Dexterity, the Property of the Author justly belongs to him ; and then the Doctor would be robbed of his Invention, and the Bookseller swell with the Conceit of being an Author. This is what, I dare say, you did not think on. And if he had not been a Fellow of singular Modesty, e'er now he might have strutted with a disdainful Air, from a Superfluity of Merit, to the mortification of all the *Priggs*, whose impertinent Scrutinies might lead them to explore a thing so minute as the Doctor's *Character*, and so render themselves as ridiculous as the Fellow who went fifteen Miles to see the Skeleton of a Flea, or to learn the Name and Abode of the Patient whom the Doctor (as he is pleased to say) cut, or of those *Worthies* who attended the Operation: An Affair of the most solemn and greatest Moment, no



less than the Life of a suffering Wretch immediately at stake, and this clandestinely transacted in a Garret, the Witnesses fled, or what is all one, not to be found to answer the Sollicitations of those whose Curiosity may one day prompt them to the same Experiment, but, God forbid, in the same narrow-spirited manner. However, this I may conclude with, That if the Doctor was not conscious, that the greatest Proof he can bring in Vindication of himself, would fall short of giving that Satisfaction and Credit, as a matter of this Consequence demands; I am sure, instead of such silly and pitiful Excuses (as those of not troubling the Gentlemen with impertinent Questions, like a Fellow under Guilt and Confusion) he would have had the most authentick Proof, the most Ingenuous and Experienced in the Profession, to have re-



related the Truth of his Operation; that that part of Mankind, whose calamitous Condition might one day or other call for his Help, might not be imposed on with the slender Proof of an *Ipse dixit*, and so be juggled out of their Lives and Money too. But as the Case stands, I submit it to any intelligent Reader whether he has not artificially gotten a *Decoy-Duck* to draw others into their Destruction; but if at any time the contrary is made appear, I shall be ready to acknowledge the Injustice of my own, and others Censures, in publick Recantation in Print, as here I charge them.

FAR be it from me to be the only unbelieving Person; for the Doctor is not quite so ignorant, as not to think the rest of Mankind discern the Fallacy, and know what Value to put on the Assertions of such *Publicators*, who



have neither made Proof of their Performances, nor given the Manner of doing it: *Varia deniq; sunt technæ quibus Medicaſtri ſe apud vulgum promovere annituntur: quidam alterius nominis ruinæ gloriam ſuam, lucrumq; ſuperſtruunt. Nonnulli ſuperbo corporis habitu (Iro quamvis pauperiores) artem oſtendant ſuam. Alii ſi Peregrinati ſint, & temporis reliquum caſtaneis torrendis collatum ſit, repudiatis ritè medendi præceptis ſuis ſolum contenti, aliorum monita & conatus prorsus ſpernunt. The Operation tedious, Cause of Incontinency of Urine, of Impotency, and Fiſtula's.*

*Graves hic in omnes Chirurgoſ præſertim lithotomiam exercentes ſtringuntur Censuræ.* A heavy Charge, without the leaſt colour of Truth; which numbers of Patients, whom the preſent ſucceſſful Management of cutting on the Staffe, can evince the contrary from



a vigorous and healthful Disposition of Body. If Reflections of this nature had been made by a Surgeon, they might have appeared spiteful and malicious ; but in the present Circumstances, when a Man has nothing to plead for himself, but a positive Assertion that his own Pills are best, the Reason is obvious : *Et si populus vult decipi, decipiatur. Quid non mortalia pectora cogit auri sacra fames.*

You may think it vain in me for making no mention from whence I took my *Latin*, but I have found out a rich Vein, which, with a little good Management, may serve me for Garnish as long as I intend to be an Author. And you know, *Dear Sawney*, should I discover the place, there are so many Rogues stand in need of the like Helps, that tho I sprung the Mine, they may run away with the Ore. *Cause of Fistula's, because the Parts*



are membranous, nervous, or spermatick, therefore unapt to heal. A little further he says, *In my Operation, by reason of the Structure of the Parts, they are successfully prevented; and there can be no Fistula after it, if proper care is taken of the Wound.* The making the Incision in *Perinaeo*, because of the similar and membranous Contexture of the Parts, the Occasion of the forementioned Ills; when an Incision into the Belly, and thro the Body of the Bladder, shall be confidently reported a safer Operation, (as if the Structure of the Bladder was not as similar and membranous as any of the forementioned parts) it is to me such an Opposition to Reason and Anatomy, that nothing but a mere Pretender to both could have advanced. And as to the proper Care of the Wound for preventing a Fistula, this Expression



smells so rank of Dr. *Woodward's* Oils and Vomits *well managed*, that I declare to you, if I dwell any longer on this Theme, I shall be obliged to send for that oily Gentleman, and sooner suffer the inner Orifice of my Stomach to be tickled with a Feather, than endure the nauseous Repetition of Bubble and Self-applause. So farewell, *Dear Sawney*, and as you tender my Good-will for your Prosperity, be but as speedy in taking notice of me ; and I promise that your *Anatomia Chirurgo-Necessaria*, whenever the World shall be obliged with it, (if it proves as valuable as this) will meet with as favourable a reception from your most devoted Servant, as your present Piece has done.



*N. B.* The Doctor perhaps will think this no Answer ; to which I only reply, That not the least *material Point* has slipped my Observation. On this I challenge the subtlest Head to contradict ; and if I am found tardy, may I be doomed to read the Doctor's *Works* again ; or what's as bad, submit *one Minute*, or at most but *two*, to his Dexterity and Slight of Hand.

F I N I S.







*A Wonderful Relation of  
De Franco's Ghost, &c.*

**T**HE Doctor was (about the time mention'd) seiz'd with a frightful and terrible Dream of a bold and ignorant *Operator*, who approach'd him, bearing in one Hand *uninvented* Instruments of Horror and Destruction, and in the other a Bag of Worms, signifying to him that he must speedily submit to the Operation of being cut for the *Simples*, or *Megrims*; which he assur'd him proceeded from those Reptiles stopping up the *Infundibulum* of the Brain, and so prevented the due Excretion of Mucus and Filth, with which his Head was so stuf, that no other Expe-



dient could prevail ; and this must be done by boring 12 *Inches* into his Skull, in order to penetrate the *Ventricle* of his Brain : After which, he would *perform all the Offices of Life in as natural and simple a manner as ever he had done before.*

THIS struck such dismal Apprehensions into the Doctor, that he suddenly awaked, and fell into the following Soliloquy : What a Wretch am I, to play with the Misfortunes of others, and to boast of my great Abilities in redressing them, when I but too well know what Numbers of Miserables fall a Victim to such-like Pretences, which have neither Reason nor Honesty for their Support ! Besides, from the little Notion I have of myself, of all Men alive the most unequal to serve them in that Capacity, which my publick Boastings may perhaps have bespoke the most Unthinking to make Experiment



periment of, *Hocine humanum factum* ? No, I am resolv'd to recant, and let the World into the Secret of my late Success, and admonish them in the Words of a famous *Bone-setter* in *Oxfordshire* (by which they may guess the *rest*) namely, To set as many Bones as you can, which were never broke, to put in as many as were never out, by which I shall establish my own Reputation, and cheat my Patients into a Belief of my Skill; so fill my *Pockets without risking their Lives*.

THIS Soliloquy of the Doctor's, argu'd some Humanity and Compunction of Conscience, but the time was too short to make any great Impression before the Chairs in the Room began to dance, the Curtains of their own accord to withdraw, and the Lamp (which the Doctor for good Purposes keeps in his Chamber) to cast a glim-



mering Light, and at last to burn blue. These unlucky and unusual Accidents presag'd to the Doctor the sudden Approach of some Inhabitant from the other World, whose Message he was convinc'd boded no good to himself. These Thoughts put the Doctor into Confusion and Agony, insomuch that, as an elegant Poet has it, *Stabant vertice crines*: which we only beg leave to alter thus, The Doctor having no Hair on that part, his Ears, which are of an unusual length, prick'd up to a monstrous height, not unlike to the Flaps of a *Dutch Skipper*, and being affix'd to the same sort of Materials, made so uncouth a Figure, as might have frighten'd even the Infernals themselves. However, after a small Recollection, he concluded he could see nothing worse than himself, so waited the Event; when on a sudden the ghastly Appearance of an



aged Man enter'd the Room, and in a harsh and hollow Voice thus address'd the Doctor : Know that I am *De Franco*, whose Memory and Name you have so lately abus'd, by basely assuming the Invention of the high Operation for the Stone to yourself, and passing it on others for a Novelty of your own ; thereby seducing Mankind into a false Opinion of yourself, and persisting in the Use of an Operation which my tender Regard to the Afflicted would not suffer me to reiterate, when living, but honestly dissuaded others from the like Practice : nor did I so much (tho the Author of it) as entitle it my own, till the great *Fabricius Hildanus* was pleas'd to call it *Franconiana*, an Honour which the *Upstarts* of Surgery could never expect, much less to deprive me of ; and, that you, whose Pretences to the divine Art of Healing, claim



no other Foundation than a foreign *Diploma*, which with as much Justice might have licens'd you to k--ll as well as practise, might have metamorphiz'd you into a *Crispin*, or what Nature seems rather to have pointed out, a Taylor; for if the Degree made the Surgeon (as you stile yourself) it is pity your Genius is so baulked, and Mankind so handled. *Eheu miseros! turpe est lucrum: nimio emitur questus hic: Medici fama quidem & nomine multi, re autem & opere valde pauci.* If I have been wanting in the Gravity and Terror with which Spectres usually affright those they appear to, if my Language is less formidable and tremendous, my Aspect less grim and horrible, these were on purpose so directed, that mortal Courage might the better stand the Charge.

H E R E the Doctor interpos'd: Most Venerable Ghost, I acknow-



ledge the Truth of all you have said, *Sed victus alicunde parandus est*, but a Man must not starve from a squeamish Principle of Modesty; and if he cannot make himself known by the ordinary Methods, he must make use of such as are most agreeable to his Interest, despising the foolish Clamours of the *Profession*, whose Malice is ever bent against those *Gentlemen* who boldly disperse their own Merits, and dare to accuse their Ignorance. Nay, I am convinc'd of their Malice by the Trouble they have given your sacred Shade, which for so many Years since (at least 150) has hover'd in the Regions of Bliss, and tasted Nectar with *Apollo*, and all the glorious Sons of *Pæan's* Art, whose Actions, when with us, (that is, in this sublunary World) justly gain'd a universal Esteem, and intitled them Semi-Gods in the other: That you, I say, should condescend



to leave those brighter Realms, and stoop to mortal Cares, is to me a firm Assurance of the Correspondence held with Souls departed, and embody'd here. For if that Set of Practitioners, who are so tenacious of a legitimate Education, had not teiz'd you by the frequent Dispatches of some poor Wretches *regularly* crept out of the World after their own Method, you had ne'er troubled me with the Vindication of your good Name, which could have suffer'd nothing by affixing mine to it, or they have thought it any Diminution to their Honour to have call'd it *Dougllassiana*.

*Ghost.* Proud and insulting Mortal, are you ignorant of my Power and Charge? Think you to deceive me, who ken your inmost Frailties, slightly cover'd o'er with vain Pretences, and vainer Ostentations of yourself, that I'll compound your



Wickedness, and trust *Hygiæ's* nobler Art to the *Sweepings* of a Profession which *Bern* and *Lausanna* can witness for me, when alive, I drove like *Chaff* before me. No, I'll strip you of your borrow'd Plumes, and return you back to your own *Country*, *naked* as you came, doom'd perpetually to practise on yourself; that is, to *rub* and *scratch* out the Remnant of a piteous Life, and after that be bundled into Faggots to heat the Furnace of the great *Van Helmont*, till the Philosopher's-Stone shall be no more a Secret.

*Doct.* Excuse me, Sir, and from this time, assure yourself, I'll *rob the Memory of the Dead no more*, but sooner *rob the Living*.

*Ghost.* Time stays for no one: So vanish'd in a Globe of Fire. At which the Doctor swoon'd away; but after a small time recover'd, and upon recollection con-



cluded all a Dream, and as yet remains as stupidly brave as ever.

I HOPE the Doctor will not insist on my making Proof of this Matter of Fact, which on my own Authority I make no doubt will be credited, as much as that he has perform'd the *Operation*; and without any Vanity, no Man can expect a meaner *Witness* than himself.

I SHALL now proceed to show you what a great deal the Doctor has made of a very little, and give you the whole Substance of his Book, with a genuine Explanation, in a few Lines:

*An Account of a new Method.*

BELIEVE me, Gentlemen, it is all my own, though done above a Century since. Easier, sooner, and with more Certainty perform'd, than any *Method* now in Use.



I *Waltho Van Claterbank*, am the most excellent *Operator* in the Universe. I pare *Corns*, cure *Cancers*, and extract *Stones* with any Man in *England*.

*The dismal Consequences of others intirely prevented.*

The rest of the Faculty are mere School-Boys, if put in competition with me; their Performances are all trifling and dangerous, mine only to be depended on: and I make no doubt but future Ages will raise a Statue to my Memory, and grow wise enough to make me their great Example. Though the present Set of Practitioners, bent on their own private Interest, insinuate things to my disadvantage; yet Time, I hope, will open the Eyes of all good People, and no longer offend my Modesty, by constraining me to future Publications of myself, who at first never intended



to make myself known in this manner, but Necessity too too often obscures the Merit of the best Physicians.

*Invented and successfully perform'd by John Douglas, Surgeon.*

I HOPE ye will remember your old Friend Doctor Case, who from the time of his being a *Licentiate*, (under God) has cur'd Numbers, and cannot fail of doing more for you than any body else.

*Non est ut fidas his, qui merè audita recensent :*

*Fidas autem illis seriò, qui Experientia propria loquuntur.*

*Fidas mihi rectius, ceteri solum sua narrant opera,*

*Experientia tamen destituti ; seriò igitur me toto notum*

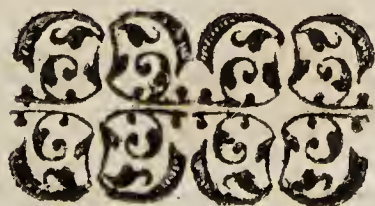
*In Orbe Opificem ut collaudetis cupio.*



IF in any thing I have deviated from the Doctor's Meaning, this second Advertifement of him may plead my Excuse. I am willing in all things to prove a grateful Friend to him, as appears by the Notice I have taken of him ; for I dare fay, he'll not be able to produce a Second, fo bountifully lavifhing their Time and Ink about Nothing.

So farewell, *Stick of Wax, Mirror* of all *Pretenders* to Surgery.

F I N I S.





I have been thinking of writing you for some time  
 but have been so busy that I could not find time  
 to do so. I am now in the country and have  
 much to do. I am well and hope this letter  
 will find you the same. I am your affectionate  
 friend and brother. I have not been able to  
 write you for some time but I am now  
 at home and have time to do so. I am  
 well and hope this letter will find you  
 the same. I am your affectionate friend  
 and brother.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,  
 J. M.

J. M.

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